

Titusville Morning Herald.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
By J. W. BROWN & SONS.
No. 1428.
Subscription prices:
Per Annum, \$10.00
Six Months, \$5.00
Three Months, \$2.50
One Month, \$1.00
ADVERTISING RATES MAY BE ASCERTAINED
AT THE PRINTING ROOM.

IRON WORKS.
TRADE MARK.

W. C. Allison & Sons
PHILADELPHIA,

OIL WELL TUBING
AND CASING.

Our Tubing & Casing
Are manufactured with great care especially for the
use of Oil Producers, being tested at the Works before
shipment with a pressure of
1,200 lbs. to the square inch.

NOTICE—Each Length and
Socket is stamped with our Trade-
Mark. None other is genuine.

TITUSVILLE

NOVELTY WORKS

GIBBS, RUSSELL & STERRETT,

PROPRIETORS

Titusville, Pa., and Nevada, N.Y.

MACHINISTS,

IRON FOUNDERS AND FORGERS,

BUILDERS OF

Stills, Iron Tanks, Engines and
Boilers,

DRILLING TOOLS & STEEL JARS

DRILLING JARS!

CAST STEEL DRILLING JARS!

The Advantages We Claim

We Warrant Them to Drill
Fifteen Hundred Feet.

CAST IRON WORKING BARRELS.

FISHER, NORRIS & CO.,
Petroleum Centre, Pa.

Eagle Iron Works!
OF BUFFALO.

ENGINES & BOILERS

STATIONARY AND PORTABLE,

HORACE W. TEMPLE, Agent.

PLEASANTVILLE IRON WORKS

And Machine Shop,

J. LOCKE & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF

DRILLING TOOLS

ENGINES AND BOILERS REPAIRED

Chalmers-Spence's Pat-
ent, Non-Conductor

HEAT EXCHANGER

For the purpose of preventing

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

Titusville Morning Herald.

THE FIRST DAILY PAPER IN THE OIL REGIONS.

VOL. VII. NO. 48. TITUSVILLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1870. WHOLE NO. 1428.

HARDWARE.

F. W. AMES,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HARDWARE,

IRON,

AND

NAILS,

Agent for Jessop's

ENGLISH STEEL,

AND

NORWAY IRON

PLYMOUTH

DRILLING CABLES!

HERRING'S

CHAMPION SAFES.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

DIAMOND STREET,

Titusville, Pa.

SMITH & HINKLY,

ARE STILL IN THE

HARDWARE,

STOVE

AND

TIN BUSINESS.

"The Morning Glory,"

"Magic Light,"

"Brilliant Ventilator,"

"Monarch" and "Cabinet,"

The last of which is a heating stove, which will burn

Hard or Soft Coal, or Wood.

We can also furnish the

"The Morning Glory Furnace,"

On a Parlor Heater of the same kind. We will keep the

AMERICAN COOK STOVE,

HOSKINS & WOOD,

Dealers in

GENERAL HARDWARE

AND

Oil Well Supplies,

PERSONVILLE

20 ADDRESS, TITUSVILLE, PA.

CLARK BROWN,

82 WEST SPRING ST.,

Titusville, Pa.

STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, CROCKERY,
LAMPS AND GLASSWARE, ORGANS,
AND PROVISIONS, FLOUR, FEED,
LIME, CALCINED PLASTER, &c.

Titusville Morning Herald.

French Cookery.

FROM THE PULL MARY AT THE

Frenchmen of half a century ago

themselves upon the delicate French

food, and bowed, not without reason, that

a stranger—come he from north, south, east or

west—could get a dinner in Paris such as he

never could at home. Those were the good old

times for you must. The young gentlemen who

frequent the Boulevard de la Madeleine, or strolled

up and down the famous wooden galleries of the

Palais Royal—at that period the fashionable

lounges—knew the great cooks of the capital

by name as they did the Lalot-liners, the

tenors of the Salle Ventour and the prime

patrons of the Chamber of Deputies. And

the fact is the great chefs of the Revolution

were no mean people. They were in receipt of

salaries which often reached as high as 40,000

francs a year—that is, somewhere about \$100,000

per annum. They were called chefs, they called

themselves chefs, they regulated the menu

of the great banquets, they signed the

engagements which they signed with their

employers that they should have six weeks

holidays in the autumn for a change of air by

the seaside. They invented new dishes they

confided their views upon the culinary science

to needy men of letters, who wrote books in

their name, and when by reason of the death

or ruin of their masters they became free no

blameless and hotel keepers but for their heretofore

as men do in this degenerate age for a Titus

or a Muriel. All this was charming, for peo

ple who liked good dinners, for as in time of

military rage every French soldier fights like

a man in hopes of being rewarded with a bit

of red ribbon, so in the days when cookery was

appreciated every French cook fried boiled

and roasted with a will, in humble expectation

that some day, or in the title of *ordonnance*

would crown his well-merited efforts. Who

could tell indeed, but that the quiet well

dressed individual who has just entered the

dining-room of the modest restaurant and

ordered a mayonnaise, a *sautee*, *gratin*, *sautee*

cotelette, or a *boeuf a la maitre d'hotel*, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

cooker in the kitchen for his dinner, is a

an English kind, that is where a cortege of

solemn looking joints is wheeled in at 6 o'clock

and made to do duty as the staple article of the

evening's dinner. And this, be it observed, is

not a question of economy, for a dinner of the

kind with accompaniment of the usual

courses is not a cheaper—often much less

so, indeed—than a purely French dinner

of three or four courses. But

Frenchmen are placed on the horns of a

dilemma. Long advantages have made

them distrustful of stews. It is the old

question of *zuppa* *dannas*. Under the

heaps of mushrooms and olives lurks mischief. Those,

therefore, who cannot afford to pay twenty

francs for a dinner at the Cafe Anglaise, or to

keep a cook of their own, preferring to get

the simple joints set in fashion by England and

dinner—from millinery or oxtail to Stilton

cheese molasses—very much as if they were on

this side of the channel. The only thing they

have not yet been able to accustom themselves

to entirely is the taking of beer with their

dinner. But this is an innovation which, like the

others, is destined to live its day. Already, under

pretence of trying British pale ale, many

Frenchmen may be detected handling

plate-trunks at luncheon. Inevitable patrons

of the practice (another symptom of Angli-

cism) are now to be seen in the streets, and

whether truly or no we pretend not to say—

that in this, or progress the French wines

have shown a tendency to follow in the wake

of French stews, and that the only way of

being certain that one is drinking of a sound

and wholesome stout is to buy it unadulterated,

is to drink beer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

Correspondent of the California Medical

Journal writes to that journal as follows:

Some weeks since I was called to an infant

of six months old who was in a dying

condition apparently from the effects of a

poison. I had taken no medicine except this

soothing syrup of which I had taken, within

ten hours two doses of about one teaspoonful

each. I had the syrup, from which these doses

were given, analyzed by a skilled chemist

and found it to contain of soothing syrup in

the oil and it yielded of morphine and other

opium alkaloids, 1/1000 grains, very nearly

one grain to the ounce of syrup. This result

astonished me. The printed directions for

administering the medicine are as follows: For

children under one month old 6 to 10 drops

three months old half a teaspoonful, six

months old and upwards, one teaspoonful

three to four times a day until free from pain

In dysentery repeat the above dose every two

hours, until the character of the discharge is

changed for the better. We have a dose

of morphine equal to 10 drops of laudanum,

given to a child of three months old every two

hours and double the quantity to a child of

three months old.

The specimen of soothing syrup analyzed

was made by Curtis & Perkins, of New York,

who are the only manufacturers I have as-

certained that there are about one hundred

thousand bottles of it sold annually

in San Francisco making two hundred thou-

sand ounces of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup

containing about one hundred and eighty

thousand grains of morphine, which are given

annually to the babies of this State. No won-

der that one third of them die before they

reach the age of two years!

The Omaha Communism—Worse

than Mormonism.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican

